An ODE

MADE ON THE

WELCOME NEWS

OF

The safe *Arrival* and kind *Reception*

OF THE

Scottish Colony

AT

Darien in America.

NOw is the time for *Thanks* and *Praise*;
Now is the time, when ev'ry *Tongue*
Should echo forth a joyful *Song*:
When *Scotland* with joint Notes should raise
To *HEAV'N* glad *Consorts* of *Harmonious Lays*.

II.

Consider *SCOTS*, how much ye owe
to *Heaven's Protecting Pow'r* above;
what mighty Tributes of your *Love*,
And *Grateful Service* should ye show!
How lowly *Worship Him* on Earth below!

III.

Who by *His Divine Pow'r* does guide
the infant weakness of your *State*,
and shows that *He* will make ye *Great*;
Provided ye in's Fear abide,
And from your Necks shake every yoak beside.

IV.

It's *He* alone, that can *Chastise*
our *Sins*; and it is *He* alone
that can our *Blemishes Attone*;
Whose awful *Nod* doth shake the *Skies*,
And all the quaking *World* terrifies.

V.

His Gracious *over-ruling Sway*
sent out a gentle *prosp'rous Breeze*,
to sweep our *Navy* o're the Seas.
In *Three Moons* they travers'd their way,
And safely Rode in their intended *Bay*.

06227
6D
Scott
886

VI.

He ſooth'd the *Natives* ſavage Breaſts,
and thaw'd them to *Humanity*
almoſt like *Chriſtian Charity*;
They whom they dreaded worſe than *Beaſts*,
Joyn all as *Brethren* in their *Jovial Feaſts*.

VII.

Their *Land* they freely did Reſign,
and all the *Treaſures* of their Soil,
and frankly bear a ſhare i' th' Toil,
To carry on the Great Deſign,
And, for their *Common Intreſt*, both Combine.

VIII.

He ſafely did conduct again,
the welcome, much deſir'd *Expreſs*,
confirming our *Great Happineſs*:
He ſmooth'd the rageing of the *Main*,
And made it like a level *Bowling Plain*.

IX.

The *Countrey* now will be at eaſe,
the tender *Mothers* will no more
their Sons *Uncertain Fate* deplore;
And *Indian Gold* ſhall ſoon releaſe
* Poverty The Nation from its *Tempral* **Grand Diſeaſe*.

X

No ſwarms of *Beggars* ſhall annoy,
no *Vagabounds* corrupt our *Wealth*;
but every Man that enjoys Health,
His frugal *Countrey* ſhall *imploy*
T'increaſe our *Store*, & crown our *laſting Joy*.

XI.

Let the *Fourth of November* ſtand
a laſting *Feaſt-day* on Record
as *Birth-day* of our *Soveraign Lord*,
And that on which our *Darling Band*
Firſt ſet their Foot on *Caledonia*'s Land.

XII.

May the firſt Week of that Month be
as lucky to us ever more,
as it has been in times before,
In bringing forth our *Liberty*
From *Powder-plots* and *Arbitrary Tyranny*.

EDINBURGH, Printed by *James Watſon* in *Craig's Cloſe* 1699.